Britaine and *Irelands* laſt adew To *Rome*, and *Babels* curſed crew.

SInce Jock and Jack by happie chance
are ioynd in amitie:
Poll popiſh Monſieurs march to France,
you Dons to Caſtalee.
Let Romiſh frogs return to Rome,
and meane them to the Pope:
If here they haunt, expect a doome
no better nor a rope.

Our Iriſh Shane with weeping eye,
mones he lob'd Rome ſo long:
And now to God and Britaine he
regraits his woes and wrong,
Entreating them for Chriſts bleſt wounds,
that he reliev'd may be
From errors pits wherein he ſwounds
leaſt blinded there he die.

For why? in Turkie, Rome, nor Spain
was not ſuch crueltie,
Nor for Gods Saints ſuch barbarous pain,
ſuch ſhame and miſerie.
Such grinding of the poor ones face,
ſuch plots of Church and State,
Unpuniſhed were in no place,
as in our land of late.

Trueman to God and to his King,
did at Knockfergus die;
And there a ſpectacle did hing,
whiles traitours honourd be.
March on brave Jock, thy lot is ſo,
Gods game for to begin:
To free thy ſelf and brethren two
from that proud man of ſin.

Jack uſe thy time, and buſſle be
to chaſe theſe frogs away.
And with brave Jock bear company
who will thee lend a day.

At Lyne bee'l on thyſervice ſtay,
while thou well ſatled be:
And for Schans ſake alongs the way
to Dublin march with thee.

Thoſe Romiſh Brambles to root out,
which have overgrown that land,
And Wentworths weeds to dig about,
which in Chriſt field there ſtand.
And when brave Jock returns from Lyne,
and Schane from Rome ſet free,
Jock will with Jack march to the Rhyne
the Pallgraves bounds to ſee.

There to avenge the woes and wrong
of our Eliza faire,
Whoſe Petrarels race hath down ſo long
is by the Spaniard there.
I hope our Lyon once will wake,
and with his Liddards ſtrong,
His Siſters race to take to heart
his Martiall thoughts among.

The pricking Thiſtle ſhall convoy
Chriſts Enſignes to thoſe bounds:
And Hibers Harps with greateſt joy
ſhall warble forth their ſounds.
O if that bleſſed Day would dawn,
which Jock and Jack would ſee,
Then they with courage in a raw
would march to Germanie.

To clip the Eagles ſoaring wings,
and curbe in prideſull paine:
Then he as God in Rome who reignes
ſhall fall, not riſe againe.
The Lord who hath this work begun,
make it perfited be;
And when theſe troublous times are done
end Sions miſerie.

Amen quoth he, who prayes theſe three
By God conjoin'd in unitie,
May ſtill in one Religion
Fear God, under one tripled Crown:
That *Dagon* heer as he hath been
May neer Gods ark no more be ſeen.

FINIS.